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THE HESTIA POEMS - SERIES 03

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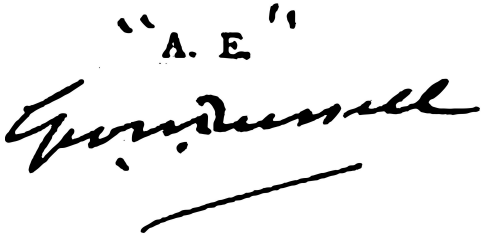
IF IT BE YOUR WILL

“I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am spirit and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with home-sickness I made these songs by the way.”

A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) Homeward: Songs by the way. Whaley; Dublin.



“Hestia, in the high dwellings of all, both deathless gods and men who walk on earth, you have gained an everlasting abode and highest honour: glorious is your portion and your right. For without you mortals hold no banquet.”

Homer (8th Century BC (1920)) Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns and Homerica. Translated by H.G. Evelyn-White. William Heinemann: London.

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"If it be your will, that a voice be true
From this broken hill, I will sing to you
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will, to let me sing"

Leonard Cohen (1984 [2010]) If it be your will. Sung by The Webb Sisters. From the Album Savages. Proper Records; London.

THE HESTIA POEMS

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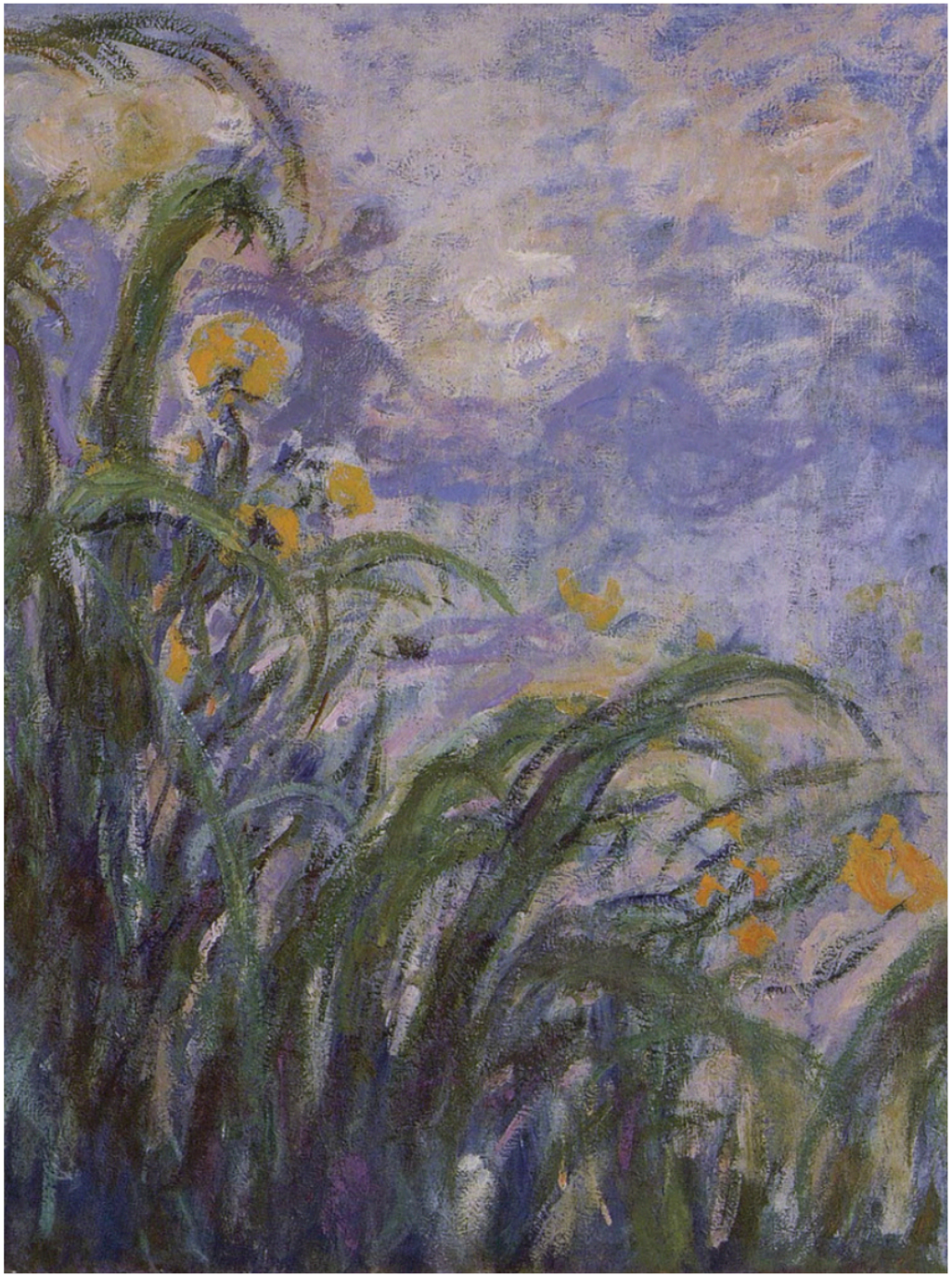
ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2022) Homeward bound; songs along the way.
Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.



IF IT BE YOUR WILL

“O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.”

James Elroy Flecker (1911) From the Poem To a poet a thousand years hence in Forty-two poems. J. M. Dent and Sons; London.

If it be your will, that I speak no Ill,
Seek in life thrill, and with voice still,
Speak of your will, from this broken hill:
I will then have found, a way profound
To sing of our love, unbroken from above,
This is the thrill, singing from your will.

If it be your will, let me with my voice,
Make a hopeful choice, together then rejoice,
Speak with this my will, from my broken hill:
We then may find, love we left behind,
And sing with a heart, beyond not apart.
This is the thrill, to sing of her will.

Now draw us near, as we escape our fear,
Lead us to your light, o guide of pure delight;
I will Sing of your will, from my broken hill:
Of rivers of delight, bathed in your light
Sing of all our love, cascading from above
This is the thrill, singing from my will.